ALL'S ONE,
OR,
One of the foure Plaies in one, called a *York-shire* Tragedy: as it was plaid by the Kings Maiesties Plaiers.

(*)

Enter Oliuer *and* Ralph, *two ſeruingmen.*

Oliu. SIrrah *Raph*, my yong Miſtriſſe is in ſuch a pitifull paſſionate humor for the long abſence of her loue,

Raph. Why can you blame her, why, apples hanging longer on the tree then when they are ripe, makes ſo many fallings. viz Madde wenches becauſe they are not gathered in time, are faine to drop of them ſelues, and then tis Common you know for euery man to take em vp.

Oliu. Maſt thou ſaieſt true, Tis common indeede, but ſirah, is neither our young maiſter returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the Puritan bawde ſaies.

Slidd I heare *Sam*, *Sam's* come, her's Tarry, come, yfaith now my noſe itches for news

Oliue, and ſo doe's mine elbowe.